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A NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year?
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
Comest, knight errant, the wrong to right,
Comest to scatter our gloom with light?
Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine,
In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The old was buoyant, the old was true,
The old was brave when the old was new,
He crowned us often with grace and gift;
His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.
Straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
O tell us, Year,—we are fain to know,—
What is thy charm that we hail thee so?

Dost promise much that is fair and sweet,—
The wind's low stir in the rippling wheat,
The wave's soft plash on the sandy floor,
The bloom of roses from shore to shore,
Glance of wings from the bowery nest,
Music and perfume from east to west,
Frosts to glitter in jewelled rime,
Blush of sunrise at morning's prime,
Stars above us, they watch to keep
The rain and dew, though we wake or sleep!

These, O Year, we shall have from thee,
For the thing that hath been aye shall be,
Sowing and reaping, from seed to sheaf,
The waiting long, and the fruitage brief,
What beyond is thy guerdon bright
To us who stand in thy dawning light?
Once more a voice, and I hear it call
Like a bugle-note from a mountain wall;
The pines uplift it with mighty sound,
The billows bear it the green earth round;
A voice that rolls in a jubilant song,
A conqueror's ring in its echo strong;
Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
The New Year beckons, and makes reply:

"I bring you, friends, what theyearshave brought
Since over men toiled, aspired, or thought,—
Days of labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a happy Year."



1789, GROG—FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD.

1787—GROG. 1889—TEA.

The next time some one asks you with an incredulous shrug "What good the temperance people are doing, any way," just show them these two pictures and let them draw their own conclusions. Of these pictures, which we reduce from the *Illustrated London News*, the first was copied from an old print published a hundred years ago, entitled "A Snug Cabin or Port Admiral," and the last is from a sketch taken on board a man-of-war in the recent naval manoeuvres off the coast of England. There is no intention here to cast a slur upon our gallant forefathers who by their deeds of skill and daring placed England so far ahead of all the other maritime nations of the world. It was an age of rum and wine, and that a time would ever come when "an officer and gentleman" could entertain his friends without them was a possibility that their imaginations could not picture. Drunkenness among themselves was taken as a matter of course, and to stagger into the drawing room "half seas over," even in the presence of ladies, scarcely excited a remark. The work is not finished. Jack Tar is by no means yet always a total abstainer, but among no class of men is the changed sentiment of the times more apparent. Cocoa is now used by him to an extent that in Captain Marryat's time would have brought down a perfect storm of rebuke and ridicule upon his devoted head, and even that very feminine beverage, tea, is becoming more and more appreciated.

WHAT ELSE?

What are sciences but maps of universal laws? and universal laws but the channels of universal power? and universal power but the outgoing of a universal mind?—E. Thompson.

FREEDOM.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse.—George Macdonald.



1889, TEA—A SKETCH ON A MAN-OF-WAR DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

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THE CROWNING.

I.

Who shall be crowned with a crown? I said,
While the young year sat in his fields of clover;
And the breezes sighed and the moon rose red,
Tinging the clouds as they floated over.
The gathering youth and the eager bands
From the meadow lands
Are coming now
To cheer the race with applauding hands,
And to put a wreath on the victor's brow.
Shall the Artist be crowned? He is swift and fair;
And his brow is flushed in the balmy air;
He hath made the bosom of bronze to sob,
And the heart of marble to thrill and throb!
So let him be crowned
While the hills resound
With loud applause and melodious song
For the artist-king in the midst of the throng!
No! said a voice from the fields of air;
Till the pencil shall lift the crouching slave,
And the marble weep for the fallen brave,
The forehead of Art no crown shall wear.

II.

Who shall be crowned? I quietly said
In the open air of the summer even
While the planets yellow and planets red
Looked back through the western gates of
heaven;
The throng will gather to-morrow day,
By the great highway
To crown their king
With the laurel wreath and the ivy spray,
As all of the singers sing.
Shall the Hero be crowned? He's a man of blood,
With a wavering plume and a burnished hood,
And a merciless eye, and an iron heel,
And a mighty arm, and a sword of steel;
He shall be crowned
Wherever he's found,
And the king of all times and all ages be
From the tropical isles to the Northern sea!
No! said a voice from the other far,
The laurel wreath and the ivy spray
Shall be woven no more for eye and awe
For that terrible Man of War!

III.

Who shall be crowned? I doubtfully said
In the still, cold night of the pale September,
While the Milky Way hung over my head
With its stars of gold and its path of amber;
The pageant comes and the scene is set
And the crowds all fret
Around the ring,
And a fair hand holds the coronet
For the brow of the coming King.
Shall the Sage be crowned? He is very old
And his pulse is low and his breast is cold;
And the fire still shines from the altar far
And his eye darts forth like a quenchless star;
For the Stone he hath found
He shall now be crowned
As the king of all realms in the times to come,
From the wild man's tent to the fisherman's
home!
No! was the echo that fell from the air;
The Tree of Knowledge hath borne a fruit
With a pulp of ashes and core of soot
That is death to the eater, and then despair!

IV.

Who shall be crowned? I solemnly said,
For my heart was sore and my brain was sober,
As I turned through the shadows with heavy
tread
To the sombre woods of the dun October:
The crowning is here or will be soon—
By to-morrow noon
They will choose a king!
And already the ivy of Ercildowne
For his coronet is a gathering.
Shall the Poet be crowned? He was monarch
long
In the grand old days of heroic song;
And the wild winds rush through the harp-
strings still,
And the melodies sweep and the echoes thrill!
Be his hands unbound
And his brow be crowned
With a chaplet fresh, and a loud acclaim
For the harper's harp and the singer's name!
No! said a voice through the shadows dim;
Till the citadel and the towers of Wrong
Shall reel for the singer and reel for his song,
There shall be no crown for his harp or him!

V.

Who shall be crowned? I wearily said
In the glittering night of the chill December;
The fruits are gathered, the leaves are dead,
And the fire of hope but a single ember!
When the sun shall rise on the world again
By the homes of men
They will gather and bring
From the ancient walls the ivy, and then
They will crown with a crown their king.
Shall the Man be crowned? It is he, it is he,
Who has broken the chains and made us free!
He hath smitten the despot's face with a blow,
And the blood of the slave no more shall flow.
While a Man is found
To be wreathed and crowned!

And the cowering race shall rise and fling
Its manacles down at the feet of the king!
Aye! was the murmur that rose and ran
Around the rim of the solemn night;
And the morrow shall break with a holier
light
When we meet and crown the Man.
—John Clark Ridpath.

TRAPS FOR YOUR BOYS.

BY META LANDER.

After long and faithful study of the great
necromancer, Tobacco, whose attributes
are legion, and whose ways are multiform
as the shifting sands, I supposed myself
enlightened as to all his tricks and turns,
his quirks and quavers. But I was mis-
taken.

Never did general more skillfully mar-
shal his forces for conquest than does this
narcotic commander. His scent for prey
is keen as a vulture's, and he scruples at
no measure which will accomplish his ends.

Every one knows the passion of boys for
all sorts of collections—postage stamps and
pictured flags, coins, eggs and bugs. The
other day I came across a lad who, I was
told, had a fine stock of portraits of cele-
brated characters military and civic. So,
being interested in boys and all that con-
cerns them, I asked him to show me his
treasures.

The moment I began to examine them a
great surprise fell on me, and exclamations
escaped my lips. Verily, I had stumbled
upon a new craze, or rather, "fad," to use
a popular and elegant term.

I am moved to copy some of the things
I found on the back of these various cards,
the front being reserved for the advertise-
ment:

"This is the most complete and correct
collection of all military and naval uni-
forms throughout the world."

"We will pack in the celebrated —
Chewing Tobacco the portraits of all the
leading base-ball players in the country in
full uniform."

"Flags of all the states and territories
in the Union."

"Portraits of our leading actors and
actresses in the costumes of all nations
from 600 B. C. to the present time."

On some of these cards important state-
ments are made:

"Figures never lie. The following
statistics of our sales since 1882, showing
the important increase from year to year,
will convince you of the great and general
appreciation of our cigarettes by the public."

Having given these statistics, the com-
pany continues:

"Think of it! Four hundred and sixty-
six millions of cigarettes sold in one year!"

Yes, think of it, fathers and mothers!

"Over three hundred millions of them
have been sold within the last six months,
or an average of two millions for each
working day; three thousand three hun-
dred and twenty-two per minute, allowing
ten hours per day!"

The exclamations are mine.

Now behold the great unravelling! With
every package of tobacco, in whatever
shape, comes a slip or ticket, the card be-
ing regarded as a ticket, of which twenty-
five, seventy-five or one hundred, as the
case may be, are returned in exchange for
some such premium as I have indicated.

That is, to the lad who smokes or chews
the required number of packages, or col-
lects the slips or tickets from some smoker
or chewer, is held out an attractive reward.

In one case, the picture of a man on
horseback, the name of the man and the
horse and the advertisement are all mixed
up together. Opposite is found:

"Return 25 of these cards and we will
send a large picture 8x10 inches, on heavy
plate paper, of any horse in the series you
may select."

Or it is:

"On receipt of 100 of these cards, we
will deliver a beautiful illustrated Album
of 'The Champions of the World,' or of
'The World's Beauties.'"

I am obliged, moreover, to add that
some of these cards should be turned over
to the vigilant Comstock. So sickeningly
suggestive are many of them of their ante-
cedents that it has required not a little
sacrifice to examine them, as I have done
in the interests of mothers and their boys.

Would that I could reach the hearts of
these tobacco-traders! How earnestly
would I entreat them to stay their hands

from laying such snares for unwary feet,
from casting forth such nets into the great
sea of human life! Can they realize what
they are doing? Do they know that the
tobacco appetite, once kindled, becomes a
tyrant that binds its victims, hand and foot,
that many a disease of body and mind fol-
lows in its train; that it tends toward in-
consideration, discourtesy, selfishness and
barbarism; and that it often awakens a
thirst for strong drink which leads to the
saloon and to ruin?

Do they know all this? And will they
not forbear? Alas, no! for the greed of
gain overcomes every scruple of conscience.

So I must beseech the mothers and the
sisters that they be vigilant in foreseeing
and forewarning and preventing.

And I make an appeal to you, dear boys
—that young army which will soon control
our land. Will you not give an abso-
lute and persistent No to every temptation,
however attractive, held out by this relent-
less Tobacco-despot? To yield is to enter
the pathway of an ignoble slavery. And
how can you maintain the freedom of your
country unless you yourselves are free
men?—N. Y. Independent.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—JANUARY 12.

THE SONG OF MARY.—Luke 1: 46-55.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my
spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—Luke
1: 46, 47.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1: 46-55.—Mary's Song.
T. 1 Sam. 2: 1-10.—Hannah's Song.
W. 2 Sam. 7: 1-17.—David's Royal Son.
Th. 2 Sam. 7: 18-29.—David's Thanksgiving.
F. Isa. 9: 1-8.—The Messiah's Birth Foretold.
S. Isa. 11: 1-10.—The Messiah's Reign of Peace.
S. Psalm 72: 1-20.—The Messiah's Kingdom.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Praise for Favor, vs. 46-49.
II. Praise for Goodness, vs. 50-53.
III. Praise for Faithfulness, 54, 55.

TIME.—B. C. 5, April, six months after the last
lesson; Augustus Caesar emperor of Rome;
Herod the Great king of Judea, about a year be-
fore his death.

PLACE.—In the hill-country of Judea, the home
of Zacharias; probably Hebron, seventeen miles
south of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Zacharias, unable to believe the tidings of the
angel, asked for some sign. This was given him
in the shape of a judgment on account of his un-
belief. Luke 1: 20, 61. Six months after the an-
nunciation of Zacharias, the angel Gabriel was
sent to Mary to announce to her that she was to
be the mother of the Messiah. She immediately
went to visit her cousin Elizabeth. On meeting
her she uttered the song which is the subject of
this lesson.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 46.—My soul, my spirit—"all that is within
me." Ps. 103: 1. *Doth magnify*—make great,
praise. V. 47. *God my Saviour*—who not only
had redeemed her soul, but also had honored her
with the assurance that she should be the mo-
ther of the Saviour. V. 48. *Regarded*—looked
upon with favor. *Blessed*—shall honor her as the
mother of the Saviour. But we are not to wor-
ship her or pray to her. Luke 11: 28. V. 50.
Mercy—kindness to the undeserving. V. 51.
With his arm—with his strength and power.
V. 52. *Their seals*—Revised Version, "their
thrones." V. 53. *The hungry*—those who feel
their need. Matt. 5: 6. *The rich*—the self-
righteous; those who do not feel their need.
V. 54. *Helped*—helped, supported. Ps. 89: 19.
In remembrance of his mercy—his covenant with
Abraham and the patriarchs, and the mercy
promised them. V. 55. *As he spoke*—the prom-
ise of a Saviour, and of blessings through him.
Gen. 22: 17, 18.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did the angel announce
to Zacharias? How did Zacharias receive this
announcement? Why was he struck dumb?
To whom was the angel sent at Nazareth?
What did the angel announce to Mary? What
did Mary do? Title of this lesson? Golden Text?
Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PRAISE FOR FAVOR, vs. 46-49.—How did
Mary begin her song? In whom had she re-
joiced? Why? Why did she need a Saviour?
How had God regarded her low estate? Why
would all generations call her blessed? What
had God done for her? What commandment do
they break who pray to Mary?

II. PRAISE FOR GOODNESS, vs. 50-53.—What
did Mary say of God's mercy? What of the
power of God? Of what is the arm a symbol?
Who shall be overcome by him? Whom will he
put down? Whom exalt? How must we come
to God if we would be filled? Who are meant by
the hungry? Who by the rich? Why are the
rich sent empty away?

III. PRAISE FOR FAITHFULNESS, vs. 54, 55.—
What did Mary say of God's faithfulness? Whom
had God helped? How? What does the Psalm-
ist say of God's mercy and truth? Ps. 98: 3.
What promise had God made to Abraham? Gen.
12: 1-7. Where is the first promise of a Re-
deemer? Gen. 3: 15. Who is the Redeemer of
God's elect?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God's children should rejoice in their
Saviour.
2. That, like Mary, we should speak of his say-
ing love.
3. That if we humbly desire "good things" we
shall be filled with them.

4. That God regards the poor and humble, but
will not bless the proud and self-righteous.
5. That it is wrong to worship or pray to the
Virgin Mary; like her, we should put all our
trust in Jesus as our Saviour.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What great honor was given Mary? Ans.
She was chosen to be the mother of the Saviour.
2. How did Mary begin her song? Ans. My
soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath
rejoiced in God my Saviour.
3. With what words did she show her grati-
tude? Ans. He that is mighty hath done to me
great things.
4. What did she say about God's power? Ans.
He hath showed strength with his arm.
5. What did she say of God's grace to the
needy? Ans. He hath filled the hungry with
good things.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 19.

THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS.—Luke 1: 67-80.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to
prepare his way."—Luke 1: 76.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1: 18-25.—The Unbelief of Zacharias.
T. Luke 1: 57-66.—The Birth of John.
W. Luke 1: 67-80.—The Song of Zacharias.
Th. Isa. 12: 1-6.—"God is my Salvation."
F. Isa. 52: 1-15.—Redeemed without Money.
S. Isa. 62: 1-12.—"Behold thy Salvation
Cometh."
S. Psalm 103: 1-22.—David's Song.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Mission of Jesus, vs. 67-75.
II. The Mission of John, vs. 76-80.
TIME.—B. C. 5; Augustus Caesar emperor of
Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.
PLACE.—"The hill-country, in a city of Judea,"
the home of Zacharias, probably Hebron.

OPENING WORDS.

The promise of the angel to Zacharias that he
should have a son (Lesson I.) was fulfilled.
When the child was to be circumcised, the re-
latives wished it named after its father; but Eliza-
beth said it should be called John. By signs
they spoke to Zacharias, and he wrote on a tablet,
"His name is John," v. 63. Then his speech was
restored, and he uttered the song which is the
subject of this lesson.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 67.—*Filled with the Holy Ghost*—so that he
was inspired to foretell future events. *Pro-
phesied*—spoke by divine inspiration. V. 68.
Hath visited—"looked upon" to deliver. *Re-
deemed*—made a ransom for. V. 69. *Horn of
Salvation*—the horn is an emblem of strength
and power. The expression is descriptive of the
coming Messiah, and means "a mighty Saviour."
House of his servant David—as Christ was a
descendant of King David. V. 70. *His holy pro-
phets*—Jacob (Gen. 49: 10), Moses (Deut. 18: 15),
Isaiah (Isa. 9: 6), etc. "The testimony of Jesus is
the spirit of prophecy." Rev. 19: 10. All the pro-
phets testified of the coming of Jesus. V. 71.
Saved from our enemies—literal, temporal ene-
mies (Deut. 33: 29; Isa. 14: 2; 51: 22, 23; spiritual
enemies, sin and Satan. Gen. 3: 15; Matt. 1: 21;
V. 72. *To perform the mercy, etc.*—Revised Ver-
sion, "To show mercy toward our fathers,—by
keeping covenant with their posterity." V. 73.
The oath—Gen. 12: 3; 17: 4; 22: 16, 17. (Compare
Heb. 7: 13, 14, 17.) V. 75. *In holiness*—toward
God. *And righteousness*—toward men. 1 Thess.
2: 10; Eph. 4: 24. V. 76. *Thou, child*—the infant
John the Baptist. *Before the face of the Lord*—
the Lord Jesus Christ. V. 77. *To give knowledge
of salvation*—to proclaim the Saviour's coming
and the way of salvation. V. 78. *The day-spring*
—the sun-rising, here referring to Christ. Isa.
9: 2; 60: 1; Mal. 4: 2. V. 79. *To give light*—
this is the purpose of Christ's coming. Matt. 4:
14-17; Isa. 9: 2. *The way of peace*—peace with
God—peace of conscience and eternal peace.
V. 80. *The day of his showing*—the time for the
beginning of his public ministry.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How was the angel's promise
to Zacharias fulfilled? What name was given to
the child? What then happened to Zacharias?
How did he first use his restored speech? Title
of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan?
Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MISSION OF JESUS, vs. 67-75.—With
whose presence was Zacharias filled? How did
he show that he was filled with the Holy Ghost?
How did he begin his prophecy? Meaning of
horn of salvation? Who is the Redeemer of
God's elect? By whom had God spoken of this
salvation? What had God promised? What of-
fices does Christ execute as our redeemer? To
whom had God sworn an oath? How were his
people to walk before him?

II. THE MISSION OF JOHN, vs. 76-80.—What
title did Zacharias say should be given to
his son? Why should he be thus called?
What prophet had foretold this? How was John
to prepare the way for Christ? What is the re-
mission of sins? Through whom may we ob-
tain remission? Acts 5: 31. What name is given
to Christ in verse 78? To whom should the Day-
spring give light? Into what way should it be a
guide? To what end did John bear witness of
Jesus as the Light of the World? John 1: 6, 7.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God is faithful to us as to his people of
old.
2. That we should praise him for his faithful-
ness.
3. That Christ is a mighty Saviour, able to save
and defend us.
4. That he is the Light of the world which sin
has made dark and dreary as a prison.
5. That if we follow him he will guide us in
paths of peace!

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How did Zacharias begin his song? Ans.
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath
visited and redeemed his people.
2. What had God raised up? Ans. An horn of
salvation, a mighty Saviour.
3. By whom had he spoken of this Saviour?
Ans. By all his holy prophets.
4. In whom were all these prophecies to be ful-
filled? Ans. In Jesus the Son of Mary.
5. What did Zacharias foretell as the mission
of John? Ans. Thou shalt go before the face of
the Lord to prepare his way.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKFASTS—HOT BREADS.

BY KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

Dyspeptics and those who have delicate stomachs do not care for warm breads for breakfast, or any other time, but it certainly adds to the attractiveness of the morning meal, especially in cold weather to have "your hot muffins well buttered" to go along with whatever else is provided, and there are many kinds, like biscuit, corn-bread and muffins that can easily be put together inside of ten minutes. An expert cook first knows how; then how to do quickly what he knows. It is more difficult to learn speedy manipulation than to remember the mere putting-together of the materials. One would hardly believe how many separate breakfasts, each of half a dozen or more dishes, a good French chef can cook in one hour; for in hotels each piece of steak, each chop, each omelet, and so on to the end of the meats and principal dishes, is cooked by itself for single persons according to order.

Habit has much to do with speed in cooking, and time is quite as valuable, generally, in a family as in a hotel. We have seen biscuits that were absolutely perfect made in five minutes and baked in fifteen. The "knack," in old homely country parlance, is not given to all, to be sure; but to be expeditious in culinary work is but a branch of the great art. The importance of a good, bright, early fire in the morning is above all, for if one is hampered and troubled by a range that is defective, or a late-rising servant, hot breads must be dispensed with; but a good range, a good fire in it, one pair of interested and willing and able hands, and one half-hour of time will prepare as good a breakfast as one could ask for. The old rule for corn-bread, or in New England terms, "Johnny cake," is hard to improve upon—made of two cups of flour, one of yellow cornmeal, one spoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sweet milk to make a thin batter. The whites of the eggs should be kept out, beaten to a froth and added last. If made thin, in a large tin, it will bake in twenty minutes, all conditions being favorable. Any cornmeal swells very much, and there is danger of making the batter too thick; then it will not be as light and feathery. Muffins are acceptable both for breakfast and tea, and the following rule, used for years, will always prove satisfactory. Beat the yolks of three eggs well, add one large spoonful of melted butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, add two cups of sweet milk, stir in flour to make a stiff batter, in which two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mixed. Lastly, add the frothed whites of the three eggs, and pour into twelve well-buttered muffin pans. Fill six, and then stir into the rest of the batter half a cup of sugar. It will make a variety and just suit somebody's taste.

English muffins are made entirely different, and look different as well, but yet please some tastes better. To make them, heat one quart of milk lukewarm, beat the whites only of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the milk, add one-third of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a spoonful of warm water, and then stir in flour to make a moderately stiff batter. Keep in a moderately warm place over night, and bake in muffin rings on the griddle for breakfast. The good colored cooks in the South excel in making these muffins. We see them at the bakers. They are very nice split open and toasted for breakfast.

The simplest of all breakfast cakes, the quickest made and the greatest favorite, is what we were taught by our old English cook to call Laplanders. Beat two eggs well, stir into them two cups of sweet milk and pour the mixture gradually into two cups of flour. Add a little salt. This makes one dozen Laplanders. We lastly put in our Dover egg-beater, and two minutes beating of the batter makes them just perfectly satisfactory.

Raised biscuits, found often and delicious in country homes, but seldom seen in the city, are made of bread sponge, simply, with a good lump of butter worked in, and made into biscuit, each one rolled and kneaded by itself, and then allowed to rise before baking.

Rolls are made in the same way, only

each biscuit is rolled out nearly flat, an inch or less thick—a piece of butter laid on one half and the other folded over it. Allow to rise and bake.

Waffles are a dish easy to make, delightful for a breakfast change on a cold morning, and relish highly for tea as well. They are considered best when made with yeast, but are very fair when made with baking powder.

American waffles are made of one pint of milk, one half cup of melted butter, three beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and one quart of flour. Mix all these ingredients and beat well into them one-third of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one cup of milk. Let it rise till light, stir in half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the batter is ready to bake in waffle-irons.

A delightful and easy breakfast hot cake is what is called coffee-cake in New England—hotcakes, good with coffee—made of a dough exactly like biscuit, and cut into three-inch squares, after being rolled about half an inch or more thick, and fried in a kettle of hot lard. They are hot and delicate.

Rye cakes make a pleasant change. Two cups of rye, one of flour, two cups of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt. Bake in cups and serve hot. Good also for tea.

Fried mush is akin to hot bread and is not to be despised, a favorite dish with many. It should, when first made, be cooked a long time slowly, to overcome the raw taste of the cornmeal. When cold it should cut in slices like bread, and be fried slowly in hot drippings, browned delicately on both sides.

To make rice cakes, add cold boiled rice to a batter made of milk, two eggs to a quart, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder to every quart of milk, made into a thin batter with flour and fried in hot fat. A teaspoonful of sugar is an improvement. It makes them brown more readily. It is an improvement to any fried cake. A change is made by using one-half cornmeal and one-half flour in making these cakes and omitting the rice. Still another variety is made by stirring in a can of corn instead of the cold rice, or using oysters or clams.

And now we have come to buckwheats, a breakfast requirement almost in some families. There seems to be a general tendency to substitute something more wholesome in place of the oily grain. As is often the case, the simplest rule is best. We have found this one hard to improve upon. To one pint and a half of buckwheat and half a pint of yellow cornmeal add one spoonful of salt, and warm water enough to make a thin batter. To this add one-half a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little warm water. Let rise over night, and in the morning add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and two spoonfuls of molasses, which makes the buckwheats brown readily. Bake on a hot griddle, serve hot upon hot plates.

Corn dodgers.—These are made of cornmeal only, with milk, to one pint, a spoonful of butter, one egg, a little salt, and sugar and a dessert spoonful of baking powder. Have the batter quite stiff and fry in spoonfuls, in plenty of hot dripping. The cakes should be quite thick, about the size and shape of a "Boston cracker," and cook not too fast, so as to be well cooked through—well browned on both sides. To serve should be hot. To eat, split open and—well butter. They are a quickly made dish, a great favorite among the Southern cooks.—*New York Observer.*

HOW TO AMUSE LITTLE BOYS.

What shall our little boys do in the long winter evenings? asks a writer in the *New York Post*. Of course our little boys of nine and ten go promptly to bed when the short hand of the clock points to 9, but between this hour and ten time there is a broad unoccupied space which must be filled. Boys used to be taught to use the needle, but it is very difficult now to induce them to take one in hand. It may be accomplished once in a while by telling how the soldiers used to mend their stockings, and how the young ladies at home used to send them needlebooks and thread (it would be interesting to know just how many of those pretty articles were ever actually of any practical use). Possibly

you can impress upon the boys the truth that it really is a good thing to be able to use a needle, and if you can do this, set them to making little bags to keep marbles in, or let them help to make fancy bags to hang on the Christmas tree. Another occupation is the endless one of making scrap books—books of pictures as well as of stories and anecdotes. Then there are many games to be played with letters, and it may be a pleasure to the boys to be provided with white cardboard and a box of paints, and then let them cut out cards and make the letters upon them and paint them in fanciful ways. It certainly would be a good plan to let a boy give you a specimen of his handwriting every other evening, and allow you to note his gradual but sure improvement; also of his drawing. Almost any boy would be proud and glad to be encouraged to do this. If possible, do occasionally play games with your boys. The effect upon a boy's character of having been taught at home to understand and appreciate, and at last to exhibit the true spirit which should enter into all games, would be marked. To teach him to bear defeat gracefully, and victory with only a legitimate pleasure, would certainly be worth while. A strong faith in the idea that well-trained and thoughtfully brought up children will in the end be found to be better men, will be an unfulfilling source of strength to a mother. Her children may go wrong, it is true, but who can believe that they will go so far wrong as they would have done without her labor and her anxious thought. Above all things do allow a boy a certain degree of freedom in his own home.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S EYES.

In a paper on School Hygiene, President G. G. Groff, M. D., LL.D., of the Bucknell University of Lewisburg, Pa., makes the statement that the eye troubles of highly civilized countries are rare among savages and those who have never attended school. Sixty-eight percent of educated Germans over twenty-one years of age it is asserted have impaired eyesight.

Prof. Groff says that "whenever a child complains that its eyes ache, it should be excused from its duties, a note sent to the parents stating the need of rest and possibly an examination of the child's eyes by an oculist. The teacher should remember that pains and aches are the warnings which are given us that some part of the body needs attention. Whosoever neglects an aching eye, does so at his peril."

"A great portion of injuries done to the eyes of school children occur by using the eyes too soon after recovering from measles, diphtheria, whooping-cough and other diseases of childhood. Children should not read when lying down, when riding, nor when sleepy. In the school-room they should be encouraged to look up frequently at remote objects, and when out of doors to use their eyes on distant objects."

"To the habit of poring over their books, using the eyes only at short distances, more than to any other cause, is to be attributed short-sightedness among school children. It is believed that if children would systematically use the eyes on distant objects, the danger from nearsightedness would be greatly lessened."

At no time strain the eyes, nor on dark days read from poorly printed books, nor from greasy slates, nor from the black-board badly written matter, nor under any other conditions. Good light and erect position are of course important.

HOW TO TREAT SCARLET FEVER.

The treatment of a case of scarlatina is of very great importance, not only as to the carrying out of strict rules and laws of medication and nursing, but in regard to the suppression of all danger of contagion to others, as it is certainly the most contagious of all the diseases of childhood.

The child should be at once put to bed in a room at the top of the house, isolated in every way from all other parts or persons of the household. The other children, if any, should be kept in a distant part of the house, not meeting anyone who sees the patient, or else sent away entirely. The room should be well ventilated, and the bed, (a narrow, long cot the best,) should be placed out of the direct draught, and not between door and window.

There should be heat in the room, if it

is cold, and if there is a stove or heater, there should be kept at all times a pan of water on it, to evaporate and make moisture for the room, or a kettle of boiling water may be kept on the stove. The temperature should be kept at about 65 deg. to 70 deg.

The fever will run very high and a simple sheet and blanket should form the covering for the patient, who lies on a hair mattress or hard bed, never on a feather bed.

For the fever, the following simple fever mixture may be given, which will suit most all cases in the earlier stages, or at least, until a physician be sent for.

Quinine sulphate, grains XV. (15).
Potassium chlorate, grains XXX. (30).
Tincture aconite, drops VIII (8).
Spirits nitrous ether, drachms III. (3).
Syrup (simple) a sufficient quantity to make 2 liquid ozs.

Sig. (or directions). Give to a child not less than three (3) years of age, half a teaspoonful or about fifty (50) drops every three (3) hours.

This mixture is a very safe and reliable one, if compounded by a competent chemist, and will reduce the fever and temperature and quiet and slow the pulse safely.—*Dr. T. Wallace Simon, in "Ladies' Home Journal."*

FOR LITTLE BABIES, packing-boxes stuffed and lined around the inside are excellent playing places. A large clothes-basket for the same purpose is not to be despised. A thick pad filled with cotton batting, or a cheese-cloth duvet folded several times, may be laid in the bottom of the basket, and another spread around the sides, that a sudden lurch or tumble on the baby's part may not result in a head bumped or a face bruised against the rough wicker-work.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PUZZLES—NO. 26.

SQUARE.

1. Head of a church. 2. Spoken. 3. Covering for the dead. 4. Girl's name.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

CHARADE.

My first in every dish is found,
My second is a body round,
My whole a popular game.

LARRY JAKWAY.

SQUARE NO. 2.

My first a flowering shrub will name
My second to Iceland does pertain,
My third is pliant or easily bent,
My fourth is wood which has been spent,
A useful box my last will name,
And also part of the human frame.

ROBT. JENKINS.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials spell the name of the first man that peopled the earth and found the name of the second.

1. That which Job was in the sight of those that dwell in his house.

2. That which Abram said unto Sarai with regard to her maid.

3. A word used by our Saviour when praying earnestly to his father.

4. A name given by Daniel to the coming Saviour.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 25.

SQUARES.—

No. 1.—P A R O U

A Z U R E

R U R A L

C R A N E

H E L E N

No. 2.—A P A R T

P O S E R

A S I D E

R E D A N

T R E N D

No. 3.—F E A S T

E D D E R

A D I E U

S E E M S

T R U S T

No. 4.—N O T C R

O C I R E

T H R O W

C R O N E

H E W E D

PL.—

Gather ye blossoms while ye may
Old time is still a flying
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—Seek ye me.—Amos 5:4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Labor not to be rich."

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Lillie Cass, Hannah E. Greene, Marion R. Rennie, Beata Kinsman, Louis Head, R. H. Jenkins, Clement M. Keys and a correspondent from "Deer Island" whose name we have not received.



The Family Circle.

A RHYME OF THE YEAR.

January! January!

Though cold, you have no law,
You make us freeze
Just when you please,
And then you go and thaw.

February! February!

I think it's very queer
That on the way
You lose a day,
And find it in Leap Year.

Oh, windy March! you are too loud,

You do make such a noise,
You frisk about,
Now in, now out,—
It's worse than girls and boys.

Cry-baby April comes along,

You never can tell whether
She's going to smile
Or cry a while—
She has such funny weather.

Then little May comes tripping in,

Uncertain as her name is;
We May have snow,
The wind May blow,
Or May be lots of daisies.

Oh, lovely June! oh, lovely June!

You're everything together!
Your skies so fair,
Your flowers so rare,
Oh, stay, delightful weather!

Please find us fans now, hot July,

Dominion Day is here;
Let's sit up late
To celebrate—
You come but once a year.

Oh, August! you're a lovely moon,

I wonder where you found it!
So big and bright
For many a night,
And then a ring around it,

September, you'd be very nice,

But always as a rule,
That when our fun
Seems just begun,
You take us back to school.

October! where's your friend, Jack Frost?

You always come together,
With lovely leaves
On all the trees,
And hazy, dreamy weather.

November, you're almost too dull,

And cold, and damp and drear;
The turkeys say
Thanksgiving Day
They dread through all the year.

Oh! dear December, hurry on,

Oh, please—oh please come quick;
Bring snow so white,
Bring fires so bright,
And bring us good St. Nick!

Adapted.

MARION'S NEW YEAR'S VISITORS.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"It's a perfect shame we can't keep 'open house,'" said Belle, making her fair face look more like a peach-blossom than ever, by the pink "cloud" she was tying on.

"You are going to have fun enough at Kitty Farrow's, but think of me, at the W. C. T. U. Rooms," said Nettie mournfully.

"Too bad we have to be separated, but who wants to invite three sisters, 'three roses on a single stem'; it is somebody's duty to get married," replied Marion laughing.

"I despair of ever being Miss Hanna, but don't let me hurry you, old lady. There is one thing I rise to remark; we don't have the larks we did before you formed your 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers.' We used to keep open house, and never worried about expense or trouble," said Belle, with a shade of regret.

"Yes, and mother stayed out in the kitchen all day, overseeing the oysters and coffee, and then had a sick headache three days," answered Nettie.

"Saint Marion is right. There's the bell; the boys have come. Good-bye, sis.

Don't forget your foolish sisters in your prayers to-night."

Two quick kisses were dropped on the earnest face of the elder sister, and the girls in party array tripped down stairs. Marion sighed, and for a moment regretted her refusal to join in the frolic they would have. She expected a busy day on the morrow, for the teachers of the South Mission were going to receive their pupils in the chapel, as their New Year's celebration. Besides, Marion always sought a quiet hour New Year's eve, to "invoice," as she called it, and make plans for the improvement of the coming year.

It was her housekeeping week, so there were several duties to be attended to; then Marion drew her low rocker before the glowing grate, and began her annual character house-cleaning.

In a few moments the room seemed filled with strange forms.

"Who are you?" asked Marion in surprise.

"Your resolution committee of last year," replied one, who seemed to be the chairman, or woman, as the case might be.

"We heard you were keeping open house to-night, so thought we would make our annual report. I am the resolution called 'Keeping a Diary.'"

"I remember," replied Marion hastily. "I thought it would be a good habit to keep a record of my inner life for self-improvement."

"Also, if I remember," continued Diary Resolution, "in case you became a famous woman, there would be material for the 'Life and Letters of'—"

"You must have misunderstood my motive," interrupted Marion, coloring guiltily. "I did invite you last year, I admit, but I had to give you up, for I haven't time during the day, and am too sleepy at night to write a respectable diary. I don't see how people ever write those beautiful journals and do anything else."

"Why did you come?" she asked, turning to one who held a Bible open at the book of Judges.

"You called me last year. I am the resolution to read the Bible through in a year. I stayed with you thus far," pointing to the open page.

"I am sorry I failed, but there were so many dreadful stories in Judges, I began skipping, and I am so busy, I confess I can't do much more than read the Sunday-school lesson and my 'Daily Food.'"

One member of the committee had been rising constantly, trying to speak, so Marion said, "Pray, what broken resolution are you?"

"I am 'Going to Class-meeting every Sunday.' I was called six times during the year."

"Well, I am sorry I failed there, for it is a great spiritual help; besides, the girls never go unless I do. But we have breakfast too late on Sunday."

"Perhaps if you had kept me, it might have been easier to have kept those before me," said an untidy looking individual, who gave unmistakable signs of a hasty toilet. "I am the good resolution 'Getting up Early.' I was kept a week, and called in every picnic or horse-back excursion."

Marion groaned. "I meant to keep you, and always go to breakfast looking as I do when we have company. I have abused you, I know, often missed family prayers, and lost many precious hours of study, but I am too sleepy to rise in the morning."

"Perhaps if you had kept, my sister, 'Going to Bed Early,' you might have kept me," suggested Early Rising.

Several other broken resolutions rose to speak; one was, "Giving a Tenth to the Lord;" another, "Never Use Slang;" and a third, "Taking Care of the Health." "Reading less Fiction" might have been the fourth, for it was armed to the teeth with learned looking books.

"I really thought I had improved," cried poor Marion. "Have I, then, failed in every way, this year?"

"You have kept me most of the time," replied a happy-looking individual. "You asked for a cure for sensitiveness. That generally means a cure for obscure, refined selfishness. You have been overcoming in this, all the year."

"I am very glad," replied Marion humbly. "People are so much more careful of my feelings lately. I have thought the girls were better natured, and

Ned less of a tease. I am sure mother is more patient; or can it be, forgetting Marion Hanna leaves no place uncovered for wounds? I am sure I don't want to be so sensitive, especially if, as you say, it is but one form of selfishness. How can I always keep you with me?"

"There is but one way for sensitive people to live happily," replied Unselfishness: "Look to Jesus and forget Marion Hanna."

The clock on the marble mantel struck twelve, and Marion started from her reverie. It did not matter whether it was a sleeping or walking dream. She had her key-note for the coming year. She began it with a season of grateful prayer, and made no new resolves.

* * * * *

"Girls, I've sworn off on going out so much. Going to turn over a new leaf," said Ned at the breakfast table next morning. "Marion is the only one of the lot who looks bright enough to support an idea this morning. Sis, how many good resolutions did you sleep on, last night?"

"Not any, brother, except to look more closely at my Pattern. My New Year's verse is, 'Looking unto Jesus, the author, and finisher of our faith.'"—*Zion's Herald*.

HOW THE CHINESE NEW YEAR IS KEPT.

BY FANNIE ROYER FEUDGE.

It falls usually during the first week in February, and very near the 6th instant. To the Celestial it is the grandest jubilee of all the year, and is observed by men, women, and children of every grade, from the Emperor down to the humblest subject; and not alone with the Empire, but on sea and land, at home and abroad, wherever a Chinese community may chance to be on this propitious day. Though always a day of feasting and rejoicing, in 1888 it was celebrated by the Chinese in this country with more éclat than ever before, because of the opening of a new "joss-house" in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, Cal.; and in 1880 it was observed with surpassing splendor, wherever the Chinese are found, because of the expected marriage of the young Emperor. Enormous sums of money were spent by the Chinese Government in preparations for the double celebrations of the royal nuptials, and the time-honored festival of the "New Year," which it is said was to be observed on this joyful occasion with many new features, indicating progress among that ancient people in the newer inventions of the people of the West.

Well, though the Chinese have a way of their own for doing everything, and not always the best way, yet there are some lessons that even we with all our boasted civilization, may profitably learn of them. For example, on every New Year's morning, each man and boy, from the Emperor to the humblest peasant, pays a visit to his mother, and carries her a present which varies in value according to his station and pecuniary ability. He thanks his mother very devoutly for all she has done for him in the past, and humbly asks for a continuance of her favor for another year. This matter of reverence for parents is a cardinal virtue among the Chinese, duly inculcated from early childhood, and so ingrained into the very warp and woof of the daily life, that the mother's influence over her sons usually lasts, for bane or blessing, all through their existence.

Another excellent custom is the squaring up of old accounts, and as far as possible paying off every debt before the close of the old year, so that the New Year's dawn may be unclouded by a single anxiety concerning the one just ended. This is deemed so requisite to a man's good standing in business, that the rule is generally observed, even though it be necessary to sell off goods cheaper than at any other time, or at heavy pecuniary loss.

While father and sons are thus engaged in store and counting-room, mothers and their daughters are equally busy in renovating and adorning the home. Every niche and corner of the dwelling is thoroughly cleansed and must put on its gala dress of flowers, flags, and mottoes before New Year's dawn; a feast of good things is to be prepared; and above all, the household altar must be newly decorated, flowers fresh and fair laid thereon, and candles and incense lighted to welcome the

incoming year with joy and gladness. Flaming red papers bearing appropriate devices, or expressive of some wish for "good luck" are placed over or beside each door and lintel, huge lustrous transparencies float above, and sundry devices in the form of dragons, sea-monsters, etc., intended to keep off evil spirits, are displayed everywhere.

Every hill-top, temple, and street is gaily decorated with flags and paper lanterns of huge dimensions, and the idols in the temples are decked in silken robes and adorned with glittering jewels. Boats, houses, and fences are freshly painted and adorned profusely with long strips of bright red paper upon which are inscribed in black and gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations, and compliments to all who may chance to pass that way, and every street and lane is crowded with well-dressed people, who for the time seem to have no thought but for this festive occasion. Some are calling on friends and relatives, porters are bearing loads of presents to various houses, and crowds are wending their way to the temples and "joss-houses." Every worshipper goes laden with gifts; and the altars of the gods of wealth, of war, of medicine, letters, fire, and many others, are literally piled with offerings of flowers, fruit, confectionery, and some more costly wares.

Each devotee selects from the group the "god" he specially desires to propitiate, lights his "incense-sticks," places them before the idol and performs his devotions with sundry prostrations, salams, and murmured words unintelligible to all but himself, and then retires to spend the rest of the day in mirth and jollity—feasting, visiting, fireworks, or gambling as may be most in accord with his special proclivities. But his religion comes first. The devotees before the "god of wealth" are especially numerous among the Chinese, as among other nations.

On New Year's Eve sacrifices are made to the old year, and the custom of watching out its last expiring moments is strictly observed by the Chinese; and during the whole night the streets are thronged. At dawn on the New Year's Day every door is closed for a time, and streets comparatively deserted. But after a very brief lull all hands wake up to a renewal, with interest, of noisy mirth, which is then kept up for a week at least, and with the wealthy for a much longer time.

The New Year being considered the most propitious day of all the year for important negotiations many betrothals and marriages take place at this time, thus increasing the hilarity of both family and social gatherings.

Another very pleasant custom I observed among the Chinese while living among them. Every visitor who called on New Year's Day was sure to go away loaded with presents—or rather to have them taken to his home by a servant. The gift is always accompanied by many compliments and good wishes from the donor. The value of the presents varies, of course, with the wealth or generosity of the giver—it may be only a basket of fruit, a vase of flowers, a pretty fan, or package of choice tea, but it carries with it the "New Year" charm, and is a pleasing token of friendly regard that is always welcome. It was especially so to us, as strangers and foreigners so far away from home.

Then, whenever Americans or Europeans look into the Chinese temples, from motives of curiosity, to witness the ceremonies of the day, they always receive a courteous salutation and an invitation to enter; for a Chinese, whether in business, religion, or pleasure, is always a gentleman. We who are Christians, and who claim for ourselves a higher civilization, may well learn of these foreigners to welcome them kindly to our churches and Sunday-schools, and try to lead them to the knowledge and worship of the true God. We have been sadly remiss concerning the millions who after these nearly nineteen centuries, are yet "without hope and without God" and strangely slow in carrying to them the words of life. Now that God has brought some of the heathen to our doors, and given to us, here in our own fair land, a sight of the folly and sin of idolatry, shall we still close our eyes to its abominations, and permit the enemy, while we sleep, to sow the tares of paganism upon Christian soil?—*Ex.*

A WISH.

Another year for Jous!
How can I wish for you,
A greater joy or blessing,
A fellow-worker true!
Exceeding with such work,
Is long enough for rest;
Thank God that we are spared to work
For him whom we love best!

ELECTRICITY AND THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN S. WHITE, LL.D.

"Will not you and a dozen of your boys who are most interested in scientific subjects come to our office in Cortlandt street next Thursday afternoon, to see what we have done in perfecting the long-distance telephone?" Such was the courteous invitation which came from the manager, Mr. Howlett, one day in March, and you may be sure their invitation was promptly accepted. "Ask some friends," he said in the same note—"some of your graduates who are in Harvard, if you please—to meet you at our Boston office at the other end of the wire." This we did, and the appointed day and hour found us at the office, with Mr. Howlett ready to explain to us the working of the wonderful new "transmitter."

"Everybody," he said, "is familiar with the ordinary telephone and its vagaries, and with the efforts that a novice makes to have himself understood, shouting wildly into the tube, and expecting that the louder he shouts the more clearly he will be understood; and everybody, too, is familiar with the thousand and one irregular sounds that come over the wire unbidden, from the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers who are endeavoring to talk at the same moment over some neighboring wire to their customers. But here is an instrument which has been freed from all the irregular vibrations by the curious discovery that by placing upon the tympanum half a teaspoonful of pure carbon, in the form of fine grains, the sound is strained, purified as it were, coming to the ear, no matter from what distance, with a vividness and resonant quality that would seem possible only at a distance of a few feet. Now if you will sit down here a moment and speak into this tube—speak, please, in your ordinary tone of voice, but speak well into the tube—I think you may find somebody whom you know two hundred and twenty-five miles away in Boston."

With a feeling akin to awe, as if I were in the presence of some supernatural power, I took the suggested seat, the boys crowding about me, and I was pressed, excited, and called into the tube, "Halloo, who is there?"

"Halloo! is that you, papa?" came from the other end, as distinctly as if my boy was standing by my side.

"Yes. Is that really you, Eliot?"

"Why, certainly. And I heard somebody else speak to you in the room. It was Graham Stokes, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "And I hear the clock ticking in the room where that is Fiske, of '92, is it not, who laughed then?"

"It was, and no mistake. Hold your watch up, and see if I can hear that tick too," said Eliot.

This I did, and then struck the repeater, and, to the amusement of us all, he was able to tell accurately the hour of my watch, hearing it with perfect distinctness through this marvellous wire which traversed a thousand feet of house-tops and miles of subways under the streets of the city, stretching out upon its course through Connecticut northward, beneath the waters of a dozen rivers, through as many separate

cables, bearing these various sounds with all the force of actual presence; every intonation, every peculiarity in the quality of tone being conveyed with such wonderful perfection that the listener at either end of the wire could instantly call the names of all his acquaintances with whom he spoke, many of whom he had not seen for months.

"Ask your son to wait a moment," said Mr. Howlett, "and I will introduce you to a gentleman in Syracuse." And taking up another instrument, he called up some one at the other end and handed me the tube.

"May I ask who you are?" said I. "I am a stranger," came back the response, "who has been invited to take a peep at this wonderful instrument for the first time. I live in Cleveland, and my name is Adams."

them nearly five hundred miles apart:—"Why, Mr. White, it is possible that I am talking with you in Boston?" "It certainly is."

"I remember you as a little fellow of four years of age when you used to live in Cleveland. This is wonderful, isn't it?"

And so the conversation went on, and so we chatted and talked that afternoon, a dozen of us, with as many friends in Boston, with strangers in Albany and Buffalo; and so we came to realize that it was only possible to extend a wire between us and some other place, like Yonkers, for example, so far away that if one could travel on a railway train at the speed of fifty miles an hour, day and night, he would be sixty years on the route, it would be possible to hear and understand an inhabitant of that planet at the other end, with almost an annihilation of space and

and unattended for thousands of years—an unknown power, an unseen force? As a profession—not merely as a business for the making of money—no field offers today greater attractions than the study of this wonderful force and its applications. No work is so thrilling so loudly to the young man of scientific grasp and persevering industry. Probably not a thousandth part of the discoveries possible to the student of the present century have yet been made. Why, if sound can be thus miraculously reproduced—for we can hardly believe it is carried or transmitted through such a distance—why, I say, cannot light, why cannot pictures and forms be reproduced through the intervention of this wonderful working current? Indeed, I believe this day will come when you may not only thus talk to your friends hundreds or thousands of miles away, but the faces and forms, the surroundings, the picture of the room your friend is in, may be accurately reproduced before you; and if to this you add the marvels of the phonograph, it will become possible to make this wonderful force do anything that you may recall at will the face, the words, the gestures of some friend long dead perhaps, and actually see him talking, and hear the well-known tones of his voice.

What would it not mean to mankind if all these wonders had been perfected at the time of the Christian era, and if to-day in any of our churches we could hear our Saviour pronounce the familiar words of His Sermon on the Mount, and if we could see His expression and His gestures, and hear the murmur of the multitudes about him!—*Hayden's Young People*.

AN INDIGNANT MOTHER.

BY MYRA STAFFORD.

"She is very sick," said Dr. Robbie Proctor, in his grandfather's hat and his uncle's coat, with Aunt Katie's glasses seated astride his nose; "very sick, indeed!" and he laid his hand with professional skill on the little new-born child.

"O dear, dear me," said the frightened little mother, "I will be sure to follow your directions. To think that my child should have so many sicknesses all at once."

"Yes, it is very bad; and she must have a pint of brandy every ten minutes for the next fifty-five hours, or she will die, certain, true, black and blue."

Up rose the little mother, her face all in a glow of indignation. Gazing so much, but I don't tell, in the skirt of her dress, with true womanly dignity, she spoke in freezing tones:

"She never will, Dr. Robbie, and you need not think it. I wonder at you for saying such words in my mother's house, when you know she never lets a drop of brandy come into it, and does not believe in using it for anything! The idea that I would let my kitten play take brandy! I'm ashamed of you, Robbie Proctor, and don't want to have anything to do with you."

So saying, she walked across the room and out at the door.

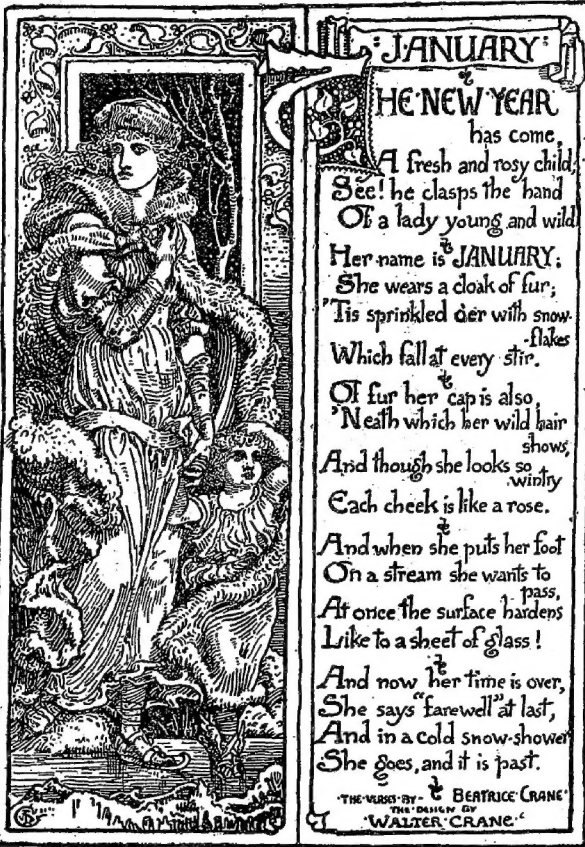
"Well," said Dr. Robbie, in great indignation, "if you won't do as the doctor says, how can you expect him to help you?"

"I don't expect it," came from the hall in freezing tones. "I never will expect help from a doctor who uses such dreadful medicine as that."

There was a sound of clapping of hands which came from the library, and papa's voice said:

"Three cheers for the little mother who has the courage of her convictions!"

—*The Parson*.



THE NEW YEAR
has come.
A fresh and rosy child,
See! he clasps the hand
Of a lady young and wild
Her name is **JANUARY**:
She wears a cloak of fur,
'Tis sprinkled o'er with snow,
Which fall at every stir.
Of fur her cap is also,
'Neath which her wild hair shows,
And though she looks so wintry
Each cheek is like a rose.
And when she puts her foot
On a stream she wants to pass,
At once the surface hardens
Like to a sheet of glass!
And now her time is over,
She says "farewell" at last,
And in a cold snow-shower
She goes, and it is past.
THE VERSE BY — & BEATRICE CRANE.
THE DANCING OF
WALTER CRANE.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Adams?" said I. "I have not seen you for nearly thirteen years."

"Why, Mr. White, I am very glad to see you, indeed. Where have you been all this time, and how is your family and your little boy, whom I remember so well? He was four or five years old when I saw you last." Here was an idea that was almost an inspiration. Catching up the other tube, I called through it again, "Eliot, are you there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to introduce you to an old friend, Mr. Adams, of Cleveland, who is at Syracuse this moment. Mr. Adams, let me make you acquainted with my son, who is now in Boston." And crossing the wires in my hands, this conversation, as I found a moment later, took place between

time, unless, as is possibly the case, electricity travels with the exact speed of light and even then there would need to intervene only three minutes between the question and the response.

And what can be this marvellous power which one moment acts as the willing servant of man, defying time and distance, and bringing two friends hundreds of miles apart practically into the same room together, and the next instant deals death and destruction to everything that comes in the way of its tremendous blow! To-day filling with light some mighty building—light that comes at the turn of the hand, the push of a button—and to-morrow destroys that same building with one terrific crash from heaven; capable of being summoned to do all the mechanical work of some powerful nation, after trying dormant

and does not believe in using it for anything! The idea that I would let my kitten play take brandy! I'm ashamed of you, Robbie Proctor, and don't want to have anything to do with you."

So saying, she walked across the room and out at the door.

"Well," said Dr. Robbie, in great indignation, "if you won't do as the doctor says, how can you expect him to help you?"

"I don't expect it," came from the hall in freezing tones. "I never will expect help from a doctor who uses such dreadful medicine as that."

There was a sound of clapping of hands which came from the library, and papa's voice said:

"Three cheers for the little mother who has the courage of her convictions!"

—*The Parson*.

KARL'S NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH BAKER SMITH.

It was night in the beautiful city!
The city of wealth, and renown,
And the beautiful sea-port city
Glittered with light, like a crown,
While the ships outside of the harbor
Went sailing up and down.

In the month of dear November,
While the frost-kings held command,
They had come to this rich, proud city,
This city so vast and grand—
Mother, and Karl, and Margie,
From the dear old Fatherland.

They had come in simple trusting,
For often they had been told
How the streets of this wonderful city
Were teeming with bread and gold—
Enough for the wants and wishes
Of all people, both young and old.

Packed in the stifling steerage,
While the good ship toiled along,
They had often cheered each other
With the voice of prayer and song;
For the hearts of these simple people
Were free from all thought of wrong.

Little they had of earthly wealth,
These people so true and brave,
When they gave themselves to the keeping
Of the blue and treacherous wave;
But they brought the grand old Bible,
And the faith that its pages gave.

And now, in the chill December,
In the midst of the frosts that kill,
There was never a bit of work or bread,
Though stout of heart and will,
And mother and Margie were hungry,
And dear little Karl was ill;

Only the poorest shelter
From the bleak and freezing night—
Never a bit of fire to warm,
And never any light;
No light in all that city,
With its streets and homes so bright!

And the mother said so softly,
"My God, He is good and wise,
But Oh! for one look at your yellow hair,
And your blue, blue German eyes,
Before they open, my Karl, my boy,
On the wonders of Paradise."

My sweet little children, dwelling
In many a lovely home,
Want such as this I tell you of,
Almost to your doors will come;
You can only help a little,
But surely you can help some.

"Tell me, mother," said little Karl,
"What the Good Book says of light;
Tell me about the city,
Where never is any night—
I shall see it before you, mother,
The city so grand and bright."

Said the mother: "It hath no need of the sun,
Nor need of the moon to shine:
There never any hunger or thirst,
And never any repine;
They need no candle, nor any light—
The light is all divine;

"There shall be never tears, or pain,
Nor any ill befall,
And there shall be no night there—
The glory of God is all;
The Lamb is the light of the dwellers
Within the jasper wall."

And in the beautiful city,
The city of wealth and renown,
The beautiful sea-port city,
The lights gleamed still, like a crown,
And the ships outside of the harbor
Went sailing up and down.

And the night wore on to the morning,
The dawning chill and gray,
And a mother knelt by a little form,
Whose soul had gone away:
For Karl, in the city where God is light,
Was keeping his New Year's Day.

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

(Continued.)

"Well," she exclaimed, "if I do say so as shouldn't, I never see a cleaner, more stylish mess o' children in my life! I do wish Ruggles could look at yo for a minute! Now, I've often told ye what kind of a family the McGrills was. I've got some reason to be proud; your uncle is on the police force o' New York city; you can take up the newspaper most any day an' see his name printed right out—James McGrill, and I can't have my children fetched up common, like some folks.

When they go out they've got to have close, and learn ter act decent! Now, I want ter see how yer goin' to behave when yer git there to-night. Let's start in at the beginnin' 'n act out the whole business. Pile into the bed-room, there, every last one of ye, an' show me how yer goin' ter go in't the parlor. This'll be the parlor 'n I'll be Mis' Bird." The youngsters hustled into the next room in high glee, and Mrs. Ruggles drew herself up in her chair with an infinitely haughty and proud expression that much better suited a descendant of the McGrills than modest Mrs. Bird. The bed-room was small, and there presently ensued such a clatter that you would have thought a herd of wild cattle had broken loose; the door opened, and they struggled in, all the little ones giggling, with Sarah Maud at the head, looking as if she had been caught in the act of stealing sheep; while Larry, being last in line, seemed to think the door a sort of gate of heaven which would be shut in his face if he didn't get there in time; accordingly he struggled ahead of his elders and disgraced himself by tumbling in head foremost.

Mrs. Ruggles looked severe. "There, I knew yer'd do it in some sech fool-way, —try it agin 'n if Larry can't come in on two legs he can stay ter home!"

The matter began to assume a graver

aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and backed into the bed-room, issuing presently with look stoop, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression in every countenance.

"No, no, no!" cried Mrs. Ruggles, in despair; "yer look for all the world like a gang o' prisoners; there aint no style ter that; spread out more, can't yer, an' act kind o' careless like—nobody's goin' ter kill ye!" The third time brought deserved success, and the pupils took their seats in the row. "Now, yer know," said Mrs. Ruggles, "there aint enough decent hats to go round, an' if there was I don't know's I'd let yer wear 'em, for the boys would never think to take 'em off when they got inside—but, anyhow, there aint enough good ones. Now, look me in the eye. You needn't wear no hats, none of yer, an' when yer get in't the parlor 'n they ask yer ter lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up an' say it was sech a pleasant evenin' an' sech a short walk that you left yer hats to home to save trouble. Now, can you remember?"

All the little Ruggleses shouted. "Yes, marm," in chorus.

"What have you got ter do with it,"

demanded their mother; "did I tell you to say it! Wasn't I talkin' ter Sarah Maud?" The little Ruggleses hung their diminished heads. "Yes, marm," they piped, more feebly, "Now git up, all of ye, an' try it. Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we'd—we'd better leave our short walk at home," recited Sarah Maud, in an agony of mental effort.

This was too much for the boys.

"Oh, whatever shall I do with ye?" moaned the unhappy mother; "I suppose I've got to learn it to yer!" which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"Now, Cornelius, what are you goin' ter say ter make yerself good compny?"

"Dunno!" said Cornelius, turning pale.

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird's havin' a busy season, or somethin' like that. Now we'll make b'lieve we've got ter the dinner—that won't be so hard, 'cause yer'll have somethin' to do—it's awful bothersome ter stan' round an' act stylish. If they have napkins, Sarah

much obliged," said Kitty with decided ease and grace, at which all the other Ruggleses pointed the finger of shame at her and Peter grunted expressively, that their meaning might not be mistaken.

"You just stop your gruntin', Peter Ruggles; that was all right. I wish I could git it inter your heads that it ain't so much what yer say, as the way-ye say it. Eily, you an' Larry's too little to truin, so you just look at the rest, an' do's they do. Now, is there anything more ye'd like to practice?"

"If yer tell me one more thing I can't set up an' eat," said Peter, gloomily; "I'm so cram full o' manners now I'm ready ter bust 'thout no dinner at all!"

"Me too," chimed in Cornelius.

"Well, I'm sorry for yer both," rejoined Mrs. Ruggles, sarcastically; "if the 'mount o' manners yer've got on hand now troubles ye, you're dreadful easy hurt! Now, Sarah Maud, after dinner, about once in so often, you must say, 'I guess we'd better be goin';' an' if they say, 'Oh, no, set a while longer,' yer can stay; but if they don't say nothin' you've got ter get up an' go. Can you remember?"

"About once in so often!" Could any words in the language be fraught with more terrible and wearing uncertainty?

"Well," answered Sarah Maud, mournfully, "seems as if this whole dinner party set right square on top o' me! Maybe I could manage my own manners, but ter manage nine mannerses is worse 'n stayin' to home!"

"Oh, don't fret," said her mother, good naturedly. "I guess you'll git along. I wouldn't mind if folks would only say, 'Oh, children will be children,' but they won't. They'll say, 'Land o' Goodness, who fetched them children up?' Now it's quarter past five; you can go, an' whatever yer do, don't forget your mother was a McGrill!"

(To be Continued.)

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

BY ADelaide A. PROCTOR.

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian
Of the coming year,

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one,
Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New Year's Angel
Turn them into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience,
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?

I gave Health and Leisure,
Skill to dream and plan;
Let him make them nobler—
Work for God and man.

If I broke your Idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
Let Sin die away,
Into boundless Pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born Monarch
Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his Future,
While he crowns my Past.



"I WANT TER SEE HOW YER GOIN' TO BEHAVE."



Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The new must come, the old must go;
How gleefully they fill the air,
How all the world is white and fair!
She listens and her eyes grow glad;
To her the thought is nowise sad;
The new must come, the old must go,
Ring happy bells, across the snow.
Ah, little one, your life is sweet
And pure as snow that stays your feet;
It is your right to pause and hear
Good tidings for the future year;
The new must come, the old must go,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

(Continued.)

VI.—"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED, THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING!"

The children went out the back door quickly, and were presently lost to sight, Sarah Maud slipping and stumbling along absent-mindedly as she recited, under her breath, "It was such a pleasant evenin'—an' sech—a short walk—we thought—we'd leave our hats to home."

Peter rang the door bell, and presently a servant admitted them, and, whispering something in Sarah's ear, drew her downstairs into the kitchen. The other Ruggleses stood in horror-stricken groups as the door closed behind their commanding officer, but there was no time for reflection, for a voice from above was heard, saying, "Come right up stairs, please!"

"There's not to make reply,
There's not to reason why,
There's but to do or die."

Accordingly, they walked upstairs, and Elfrida, the nurse, ushered them into a room more splendid than anything they had ever seen. But, oh, woe! where was

Sarah Maud! and was it Fate that Mrs. Bird should say, at once, "Did you lay your hats in the hall?" Peter felt himself elected by circumstance the head of the family, and, casting one imploring look at tongue-tied Susan, standing next him, said huskily, "It was so very pleasant—that—that—" "That we hadn't good hats enough to go round," put in little Susan, bravely, to help him out, and then froze with horror that the ill-fated words had slipped off her tongue.

However, Mrs. Bird said, pleasantly, "Of course you wouldn't wear hats such a short distance—I forgot when I asked. Now, will you come right in to Miss Carol's room, she is so anxious to see you!"

Just then Sarah Maud came up the back stairs, so radiant with joy from her secret interview with the cook, that Peter could have pinched her with a clear conscience, and Carol gave them a joyful welcome. "But where is Baby Larry?" she cried, looking over the group with searching eye. "Didn't he come?"

"Larry! Larry!" Good Gracious, where was Larry? They were all sure that he had come in with them; for Susan remembered scolding him for tripping over the door-mat. Uncle Jack went into convulsions of laughter. "Are you sure there were nine of you?" he asked merrily.

"I think so, sir," said Peoria, timidly; "but, anyhow, where was Larry?" and she showed signs of weeping.

"Oh, well, cheer up!" cried Uncle Jack. "I guess he's not lost—only mislaid. I'll go and find him before you can say Jack Robinson!"

"I'll go, too, if you please, sir," said Sarah Maud, "for it was my place to mind him, an' if he's lost I can't relish my vittles!"

The other Ruggleses stood rooted to the floor. Was this a dinner party, forsooth;

her white forehead flushed delicately, her eyes beamed with joy, and the children told their mother, afterwards, that she looked almost as beautiful as the pictures of the angels. There was great bustle behind a huge screen in another part of the room, and at half-past five this was taken away, and the Christmas dinner-table stood revealed. What a wonderful sight it was to the poor little Ruggleses children, who ate their sometimes scanty meals on the kitchen table! It blazed with tall colored candles, it gleamed with glass and silver, it blushed with flowers, it groaned with good things to eat; so it was strange that the Ruggleses, forgetting that their mother was a McGrill, shrieked in admiration of the fairy spectacle. But Larry's be-

and, if so, why were such things ever spoken of as festive occasions?

Sarah Maud went out through the hall, calling, "Larry! Larry!" and without any interval of suspense a thin voice piped up from below, "Here I be!" The truth was that Larry, being deserted by his natural guardian, dropped behind the rest, and wriggled into the hat-tree to wait for her, having no notion of walking unprotected into the jaws of a dinner-party. Finding that she did not come, he tried to crawl from his refuge and call somebody, when—dark and dreadful ending to a tragic day—he found that he was too much intertwined with umbrellas and canes to move a single step. He was afraid to yell! When I have said this of Larry Ruggles I have pictured a state of helpless terror that ought to wring tears from every eye; and the sound of Sarah Maud's beloved voice, some seconds later, was like a strain of angel music in his ears. Uncle Jack dried his tears, carried him upstairs, and soon had him in breathless fits of laughter, while Carol so made the other Ruggleses forget themselves that they were soon talking like accomplished diners-out.

Carol's bed had been moved into the farthest corner of the room, and she was lying on the outside, dressed in a wonderful soft white wrapper.

Her golden hair fell in soft fluffy curls over and neck, her cheeks

havior was the most disgraceful, for he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once for a high chair that pointed unmistakably to him, climbed up like a squirrel, gave a comprehensive look at the turkey, clapped his hands in ecstasy, rested his fat arms on the table, and cried, with joy, "I bent the hull lot o' yer!" Carol laughed until she cried, giving orders, meanwhile, "Uncle Jack, please sit at the head, Sarah Maud at the foot, and that will leave four on each side; Mama is going to help Elfrida, so that the children need not look after each other, but just have a good time."

A sprig of holly lay by each plate, and nothing would do but each little Ruggles must leave his seat and have it pinned on by Carol, and as each course was served one of them pleaded to take something to her. There was hurrying to and fro, I can assure you, for it is quite a difficult matter to serve a Christmas dinner on the third floor of a great city house; but if every dish had had to be carried up a rope ladder the servants would gladly have done so. There was turkey and chicken, with delicious gravy and stuffing, and there were half-a-dozen vegetables, with cranberry jelly, and celery, and pickles; and as for the way these delicacies were served, the Ruggleses never forgot it as long as they lived.

Peter nudged Kitty, who sat next him, and said, "Look, will yer, ev'ry feller's got his own partic'lar butter; I suppose that's to show yer can eat that much 'n no more. No, it ain't neither, for that pig of a Peory's just gittin' another helpin'!" "Yes," whispered Kitty, "an' the napkins is marked with big red letters. I wonder if that's so nobody 'll nip 'em; an' oh, Peter, look at the pictures painted right on ter the dishes. Did yer ever?"

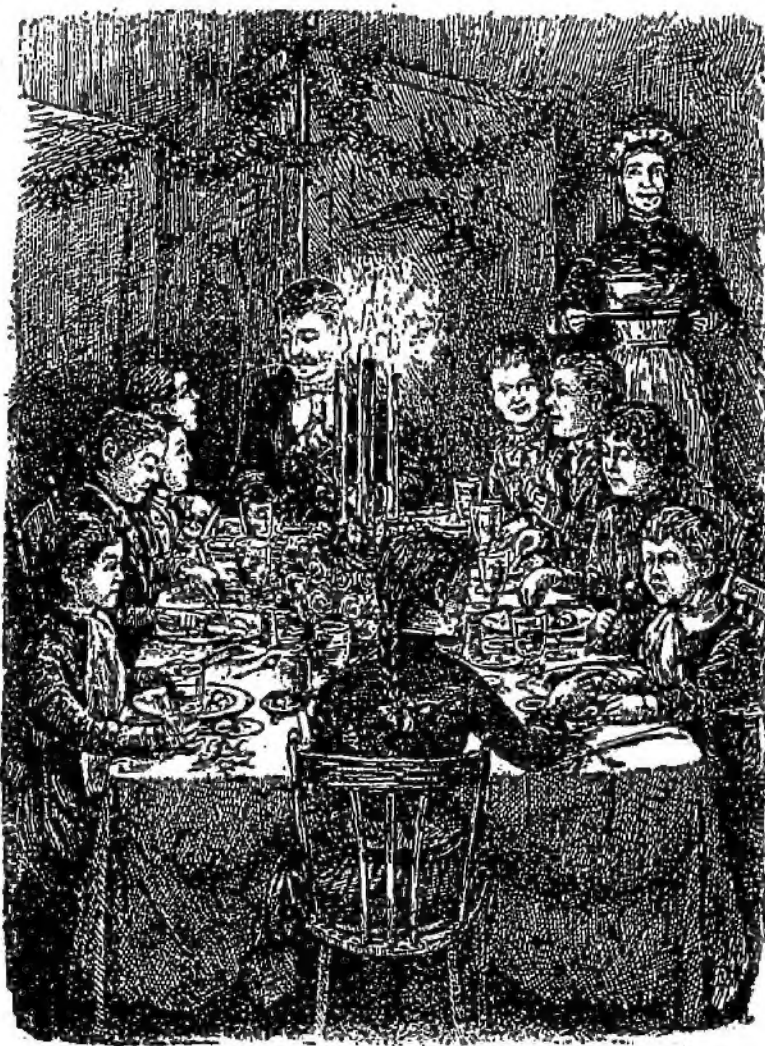
"The plums is all took out o' my cran-b'ry sarsie, an' it's friz to a stiff jell!" shouted Peoria, in wild excitement.

"Hi—yah! I got a wish-bone!" sung Larry, regardless of Sarah Maud's frown; after which she asked to have his seat changed, giving as excuse that he gen'ally set beside her, an' would "feel strange," the true reason being that she desired to kick him gently, under the table, whenever he passed what might be termed "the McGrill line."

"I declare to goodness," murmured Susan, on the other side, "there's so much to look at I can't scarcely eat nothin'!"

(To be Continued.)

"Tis A MERCY to have that taken from us which takes us from God."



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